

Deep Love: Young Master's Sweetheart

Novel Chapter 11 To 12

Chapter 11

One year.

Three hundred and sixty-five days.

It was definitely not long, but it was not short either. Starting from the age of twenty-one, it was a year of youth.

F * ck, he cursed in his heart. Before she called the police, his rabbit tail had been lifted into the sky.

She had seen what it meant to have a face on your nose.

Although she was a student who had just graduated, she must have been in a bar for three years. He caught her in a weak spot and bullied her.

If that weakness were to disappear...

Looking out the window at the palm tree swaying in the wind, the low-hanging leaves waving like a fan, the wind, Xi Ren.

Suddenly, he picked up the coffee cup on the table. The rich aroma of the coffee seeped into his nose. He drank it all in one gulp, not wasting a single drop.

He took out a hundred-dollar bill and slapped it on the table, "There's no need to look for it."

Her heart hurt in an instant. That was the cost of Weiwei's two days, and she used up all of it in an instant.

He turned around, his waist slender as he leisurely walked forward.

A breeze blew past him, and he stretched out his long arm. "Do you only like being a mistress?"

The sound was small and fragmented, but it attracted countless gazes.

His body froze. There was a hidden meaning behind his words.

Could it be ...

He raised his eyebrows and threw his hand away. "Did I say that?"

The central air conditioner above her head was pumping air, but her forehead was beaded with sweat.

"Since that's not what you mean, then ..." Sit down. "

She snapped her fingers out of habit and the beautiful waiter ran over happily. They had always been the most considerate people when it came to serving the cool song.

"Two glasses of milk." Changing to a warm beverage can reduce a person's temper.

Think of Weiwei, swallow her anger and sit down again. "A year, that long?" Actually, she didn't know what to do either. Since she didn't have anything to say, she could only ask like this.

"What's the rush? There's still a long way to go." It was both teasing and teasing as he huffed, "The air conditioning doesn't seem to be running high enough."

He leaned back on his elbow and stared at him. "If there's nothing else to say, then I'm leaving."

The two of them played the game happily, back and forth.

"A gentleman's agreement to be my personal secretary for a year."

Yinyin's face reddened. She really had misunderstood his intentions. One day, two days, a month, she really had lost a lot of face. They just gave her a job.

Ye Zichen blinked. This agreement didn't mean much to her, "Alright." She agreed immediately. She wasn't a gentleman, so agreeing and refusing meant the same thing. Currently, finding Weiwei was the key.

For a moment, even Ke Zhengwei was confused. He didn't even know his own heart. He was surrounded by women who had thrown

themselves into his arms, or perhaps he was already sick of the world. Women like that were no longer related to love.

He didn't want the first time he had grown a desire to conquer. Since no man could get her free will right now, he wanted to be the first one. Sooner or later, there would be a day when he would eat and wipe himself dry.

He didn't care about waiting. What he cared about was the process.

The result had already been decided: the woman who had won his heart did not seem to have appeared yet.

To Yinyin, this was merely his curiosity. He seriously warned himself that he did not want to cross this line of defense.

Yinyin carefully sipped the milk from the glass through the straw, thinking, I'll see Weiwei first, then I'll think things over.

His slender fingers fiddled with the hundred-dollar bill, making 'kaka' sounds, "It was decided so quickly, let's not ask how much the salary was."

She smiled bitterly. If she had the chance to bargain, she wouldn't have to sit here anymore. "Do as you wish." "However ..." He hit his head and almost forgot about her business.

"But what?"

"I want to continue my part-time job at the bar tonight." Whether the work was done or not, she had to lay out the conditions first.

He raised his eyebrows and said doubtfully, "I'll give you three times your salary, so don't go to the bar."

Strangely, he didn't like her wearing a short skirt and shuttling between drunkards. Although 'Ou' said that she had the ability to prevent men from getting close, those perverted eyes of hers wanted to be dug out.

"No." From beginning to end, she seemed to have lost every battle, but this time, she would never give up.

He shrugged and spread his hands. "Then I'll have to pay you the minimum wage."

Threats.

More exploitation.

“Alright.” Blinking his eyes, he only needed to remember that she wasn’t a gentleman. She didn’t have to bear any responsibility for any of the promises she made.

“Let’s go.” “Let’s go see Weiwei.”

Finally getting up, Yinyin decided that she would never come back to this coffee shop again in her life ...

Chapter 12

Black, a mystery, a noble hue.

He stepped into the black BMW, and the nervousness in his heart was replaced with the nervousness of An Ran.

The sun shone like gold on the houses by the road, on the lawn. The long tarmac stretched out in front of the car, and the scenery turned backwards. The wind blew her long hair, fluttering like silk in front of the window.

He put on a ponytail and leaned back comfortably, “How long will it take for me to reach ‘Gentle Heart’?” The park was too busy. She could only apologize to Weiwei.

“We’ll be there in a moment.”

As he spoke, the car actually slowed down.

They arrived so quickly? Yinyin felt strange.

It stopped steadily on the birdlike parking space that was drawn with white lines.

Where was the park? Even the trees were only visible on either side of the road.

He felt dizzy.

While feeling curious, he suddenly leaned over. The scent of cologne mixed with tobacco filled her surroundings, causing her to unconsciously curl up. What was he trying to do?

“Come, let me fasten your seat belt for you.”

He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He actually stopped the car just for such a small thing. Was he meticulous enough or did he like trouble?

She had hands and feet. Just a reminder was enough. How could someone this big not know how to wear a safety belt?

As she thought about this, she didn't dare to move the slightest bit. She obediently sat down and watched as he pulled the safety belt beside her and skillfully tied it to her body.

“In the future, buckle up as soon as you get in the car, remember?” He sounded as if he were educating a disobedient schoolboy.

“But you don't either.” Besides, she didn't want to ride in his car in the future. It didn't matter to him whether she fastened her seat belt or not.

“I can, but you can't.” When he got back in the driver's seat, he started the car and announced the difference between him and her in a domineering manner.

How could there be such a twisted logic to it? He chuckled to himself. Men and women also needed safety.

“It seems like Mr. Ke's safety isn't important. Mr. Ke is the kind of person who doesn't even care about his life. I think I should get off first.” He didn't care about his life, she cherished him greatly.

Ye Zichen's face sunk. This woman always wanted to make him unhappy at the right time. Furthermore, no matter how he looked at it, it sounded weird, but he wasn't in a hurry. Slowly, he wanted to change it.

“Do you want to get off here?” At this moment, the BMW was travelling at high speed across the bridges in every direction. Aside from the carriages, pedestrians were not allowed to pass by.

Yinyin looked at the endless stream of wagons and carts, and she immediately shut her mouth.

“If we don’t stop here, we won’t have another chance.”

To tease her was like teasing a little white rabbit, making people unable to let go.

She couldn’t help teasing, “Stop the car.”

“Stop, this sudden deceleration, the car behind is coming at us, you are the accident maker.” Without slowing down, he suddenly accelerated.

Her cheeks were puffed up. This man was not only infuriating, but also her Satan.

The car sped by, passing one after another. Her face turned from pink to pale, and her fingers were tightly clenched on the handlebars. He had gone overboard.

First of all, he sped up to punish her for her bad behavior, but when her fear slowly appeared on her face, the softness in her heart melted, and the speed of the car changed. He could not help but observe the changes in her face through the reverse mirror.

Afraid of blood, afraid of driving fast.

This woman was really f * cking unsuitable for him. Forget it, he didn’t want to play anymore. It was best to just sit back and wait for those sexy and charming women to automatically come visit him.

After getting off the viaduct, the car drove downtown again.

There were many carriages and many people. It was as if the whole world had gathered here.

The BMW was crawling around like a tortoise. At this moment, if it wanted to increase its speed, blood would flow like a river and the scene would only be extremely spectacular.

This place was extremely strange. It was so far away from the A-level, so far away from the dream world. Yinyin stared at him in disbelief. Could it be that he was lying to her again?

Where was the Warm Park? Why had she been in A City for so long and never heard of the park?

Her head felt like it was about to explode as she quickly thought. She wanted to get off the car, so she couldn't let him mess around any longer.

A detour, etc...

When she turned a corner, she was suddenly greeted by a vast and endless park or amusement park, grand and vast. The architectural style of the ancient Rome was matched by an ancient style pavilion with a winding corridor. The wooden railing was decorated with dragons and phoenixes, giving off an atmosphere of grandeur and nobility.

In a flash, the beautiful scenery faded as the car drove into an underground parking lot and stopped steadily in front of a VIP parking space.

The cars opened, her stiletto heels kicking against the brightly lit underpass, clear and sudden.

In front of her, that straight and arrogant figure silently led her, walking towards the sunlight and the sea of flowers ...

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